Tearing the *Thracian* ſinger, in their rage?
That is an olde deuice; and it was plaid,
When I from *Thebes* came laſt a Conqueror.
The thrice three Muſes, mourning for the death
Of learning, late deceaſt in beggery.
That is ſome *Satire* keene and criticall,
Not ſorting with a nuptiall ceremony.
A tedious briefe Scene of young *Piramus*,
And his Loue *Thisby*; very tragicall mirth?
Merry and tragicall? Tedious and briefe? That is hot Ice,
And wondrous ſtrange Snow. How ſhall we finde the concord of this diſcord?

Philo. A play there is, my Lord, ſome ten words long,
Which is as briefe, as I haue knowne a play;
But by ten words, my Lord, it is too long;
Which makes it tedious. For in all the play,
There is not one word apt, one plaier fitted.
And tragicall, my noble Lord, it is: for *Piramus*
Therein doth kill himſelfe. Which when I ſaw
Rehearſt, I muſt confeſſe, made mine eies water;
But more merry teares the paſſion of loud laughter
Neuer ſhed.

Theſ. What are they that do play it?

Philo. Hard handed men, that worke in *Athens* here,
Which neuer labour'd in their mindes till now;
And now haue toyled their vnbreathed memories,
With this ſame play, againſt your nuptiall.

Theſ. And we will heare it.

Phi. No, my noble Lord, it is not for you. I haue heard
It ouer, and it is nothing, nothing in the world;
Vnleſſe you can finde ſport in their intents,
Extremely ſtretcht, and cond with cruell paine,
To do you ſeruice.

Theſ. I will heare that play. For neuer any thing
Can be amiſſe, when ſimpleneſſe and duty tender it.

Goe